THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"..... VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.] PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1804. [No. 31.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum, payable in advance.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSIS OF THE ORATORICAL WORKS OF CICERO.

SECTION 3.

The orations against Verres.

[*Continued.*]

"THE moment of the execution arrives: they drag their prisoners from their dungeons: they attach them to the block; they receive the mortal stroke: who was then the man stupid enough not to feel himself smitten with the same blow, not to be touched with the lot of these innocents, with their youth, with their misfortune, which became that of all their fellow-citizens? And you, in this general mourning, in the midst of these groans, you exulted no doubt; you gave yourself up to a thoughtless joy; you applauded yourself for having annihilated the witnesses of your avarice. You deceived yourself, Verres, in believing that you had effaced the stains in your character by washing your crimes in the blood of innocence. You accused yourself, in persuading yourself that you could, by the force of barbarities, make sure of impunity for your robberies. Those innocents, indeed, are dead, but their relations survive, they pursue the vengeance of their children, they pursue your punishment. What do I say? Among those, whom you had marked for your victims, there are some who have escaped; there are some whom Heaven has reserved for this day of justice. Behold here Philarchus, who did not fly with Cleomenes, who, happily for him, was taken by the pirates, and whose captivity has saved him from the fury of a robber, an hundred times more inhuman than those who are our enemies. Behold here Phalargus, who has paid for his deliverance to your agent Timarchides. Both of these depose, to the discharges sold to the sailors, to the famine which reigned in the fleet, and to the flight of Cleomenes. Well! Romans, with what sentiments are you affected? What do you expect more? To what refuge shall your allies fly? To whom shall they address themselves? Under what hopes can they still support life, if you abandon them? This is the harbour, the asylum, the altar of the oppressed. They come not to demand the restoration of their property, their gold, their silver, their slaves, the ornaments which have been pillaged from their temples, and their cities. Alas! in their simplicity, they fear that the Roman people will not consider it as a crime in their prætors to have spoiled them. They see, that, for a long time, we have permitted, in silence, certain individuals to absorb the riches of nations; that none of them even put himself to the trouble to conceal his cupidity and his rapines; that their country-seats are all filled, all splendid with the spoils of our allies, while for so many years Rome and the capitol have been ornamented only with the spoils of our enemies. Where are the treasures torn from so many people, who have submitted to us, and are at this day in indigence? Where are they? Do you ask this question, when you see Athens, Pergamos, Miletus, Samos, Asia, Greece, swallowed up in the habitations of certain unpunished plunderers? But no, Romans, I repeat it, this is not the object of our complaints and supplications. Your allies have no longer any property to defend. Behold in what mourning, in what destitution, in what abjection, they appear before you! See there Sthenius of Thermes, whose house Verres has pillaged; it is not his fortune that he demands again; it is his proper existence, which Verres has ravished from him, in banishing him from his country, where he held the first rank by his virtues and beneficence. See here Decion of Tyndaris. He will not insist upon what Verres has taken from him; he demands an only son; he wishes, after having taken a just vengeance on his executioner, to afford some consolation to his ashes. Behold Eubulides; that old man, borne down with years, who would not have undertaken this painful journey, but to see the condemnation of this monster, after having seen the punishment of his son. You would have seen here with them, if Metellus, the successor and the protector of Verres, would have permitted them, the mothers, the wives, the sisters, of those unfortunate men. One of them, I remember, as I approached Heraclea, in the middle of the night came to meet me, followed by all the mothers of families, by the light of torches, and calling me her saviour, and calling Verres her hangman, repeating the name of her son, she remained prostrate at my feet, as if I could restore him to her, and recal him to life. I was received in the same manner in all the other cities, where old age and infancy, equally worthy of pity, have equally solicited my care, my zeal, and my fidelity. No! Romans, this cause has nothing in common with any other. It is not a vain desire of glory, which has conducted me, as an accuser, to this tribunal; I am come here called by tears; I am come here, to prevent, for the future, the injustice of authority; that prisons, chains, axes, the punishment of your faithful allies, the blood of the innocent, finally, the sepulture of the dead, and the mourning of parents, from being, for the governors of our provinces, the object of an abominable traffic; and if, by the condemnation of this villain, by the decree of your justice, I deliver Sicily and your allies from the dread of a similar fate, I shall have satisfied their wishes, and discharged my duty."

Cicero, faithful to the rules of oratorical progression, reserves for the end of his different pleadings the greatest of the crimes of Verres, that of having put to death, or beaten with rods, Roman citizens; which was severely prohibited by the laws, at least without the judgment of the people, or a decree of the senate, giving to the consuls an extraordinary power. The orator enlarges principally on the punishment of Gavius. It is not easy to conceive, after what we have heard, that he should find any new expressions against Verres. But we may confide in the inexhaustible fertility of his genius. He seems to surpass himself in his eloquence in proportion as Verres outdoes himself in his crimes. That we may have a just idea of the indignation he excited, let us recollect the profound respect, the religious veneration, which was maintained in all the provinces of the empire, and, indeed, in almost all parts of the known world, for this title of A Roman Citizen. It was a sacred character, that no power might flatter itself to violate with impunity. The republic had been known more than once to undertake distant and dangerous wars, solely to avenge an outrage committed upon a Roman citizen: a sublime policy, which nourished that national pride which it is always so useful to entertain, and which moreover imposed on foreign nations, and caused everywhere to be respected the Roman name.

"What shall I say of Gavius of the municipal city of Cosano? Where shall I find words enough, voice enough, and grief enough? My sensibility is not exhausted, Romans; but I fear that my expressions will not be adequate to it. The first time that they spoke to me of this atrocious action, I could not insert it in my accusation. I knew that it was but too real; but I felt that it was not probable. Finally, giving way to the tears of all the Roman citizens, who conduct the commerce of Sicily, supported by the testimony of all the city of Rhegium, and of several Roman knights, who, by accident, were then at Messina, I laid open the fact in my first pleading, and in such a manner as to support it by incontestible evidence. But what can I do at this day. It is already so long a time that I have fatigued you with the cruelties of Verres, I had not foreseen, I own, the effect which I must make to sustain your attention, and not exhaust your patience with such continued horrors. There remains to me but one course: that is to state to you the simple fact, it is such that the bare recital will be sufficient. This Gavius, thrown like so many others, into the subterraneous dungeons of Syracuse, built by Dionysius the tyrant, found, I know not how, the means of escaping from this gulf, and came to Messina. There, near the walls of Rhegium, and the coast of Italy, sprung out from the darkness of death; he felt himself revive on re-beholding the pure day of liberty; he was, as it were, reanimated by this beneficent neighbourhood, which recalled to him Rome and the laws. He spoke openly in Messina, and complained that a Roman Citizen had been thrown into irons. He was going, he said, directly to Rome; he was going to demand justice against Verres. The unfortunate man did not suspect that to express himself thus before the Messinians was as if he had spoken in the palace of the prætor. I have told you, and you know, Romans, that he had chosen the Messinians to be the accomplices of all his crimes, the receivers of his thefts, the associates of his infamy. Gavius is conducted immediately before the magistrates of Messina, and by ill luck Verres himself came there the same day. He is informed that a Roman

citizen complains of having been plunged into the dungeons of Syracuse; that, at the moment when he was setting his foot on board a vessel, uttering menaces against Verres, he had been arrested; that he was detained that the prætor might determine his fate. He thanks them for their zeal and fidelity, and, transported with fury, he hastens to the public place: his eyes sparkle, all his features were expressive of rage and cruelty. All the world was in suspence at what he was about to do, when all at once he gives orders that Gavius should be seized, that he should be stripped, that he should be tied to the stake, and that the lictors should prepare their instruments of punishment. The unfortunate man cries out, that he is a Roman citizen, that he is a Roman citizen! that he has served with Pretius, a Roman knight, at this time in Palermo, and who can testify for him to these truths. Verres answers, that he is well informed that Gavius is a spy, sent into Sicily by fugitive slaves, relics of the army of Spartacus; an absurd imputation, of which there was not the slightest suspicion, or the smallest intimation. He orders the lictors to surround him and scourge him. In the public place of Messina they beat with rods a Roman citizen, while in the midst of his pains, in the midst of the stripes with which they overwhelmed him, he uttered no other cry, no other groan, than this single phrase 'I am a Roman citizen. He thought that this name alone ought to drive away from him all tortures and all executioners; but very far from obtaining his release, far from relaxing the hands of the lictors, while he repeated in vain the name of Rome, a cross, an infamous cross, the instrument of punishment for slaves, was set up for this unfortunate man, who never had believed that there existed in the world a power from whom he could fear such treatment. O delightful name of liberty! O august rights of our ancestors! Porcian law! Sempronian law! Tribunitian power, so bitterly regretted, and which was finally restored to us! Is this your power! Have you then been established, that in a province of the empire, in the bosom of an allied city, a Roman citizen should be delivered to the rods of the lictors, by the very magistrate who holds only from the Roman people his lictors and his rods. What shall I say of the fires, and the red hot irons, which they employed to torment him? Verres, nevertheless, was not touched, neither with his complaints, nor with the tears of all those of our citizens, who were at Messina, and present at this dreadful spectacle. You! Verres, you! have dared to attach to a gibbet a man who declared himself a Roman citizen! I was not willing, (you are all my witnesses), I was not willing, on the first day, to indulge my just indignation; I was afraid of that of the people who heard me; I was afraid of a general tumult, which appeared to be preparing on all quarters; I restrained myself from an apprehension that the public fury, satiated upon this monster, might take him away from the vengeance of the laws. I applauded the prudence of the prætor Glabrio, who, observing this general convulsion, caused promptly to be taken away from the audience the witness they had just heard. But, on this day, Verres, when all the world knows the state of the cause, and what must be the issue of it, I will shut myself up with you upon a single point: I confine myself to your own acknowledgment. This confession is your mental sentence. You remember, judges, that, at the moment of the accusation, Verres, terrified with the cries which he heard around him, rose up on a sudden, and said, that Gavius had not pretended to be a Roman citizen, but to retard his punishment; but that in fact this Gavius was only a spy. I desire no more; I lay aside all the rest. I ask not upon what ground you found this imputation; I renounce all my own witnesses; but, you say it yourself, you avow that he cried out 'I am a Roman citizen.' Very well! answer me, wretch! If you found yourself among barbarous nations, at the extremity of the world, ready to be conducted to punishment, what would you say? What would you cry, if it were not that you are a Roman citizen? And if it is true, that, in every country where the name of Rome has been heard, this sacred title would be sufficient for his safety, how could this man whoever he might be, invoking this inviolable protection before a Roman prætor, not be able, I do not say to escape punishment, but even to retard it, a moment?

[*To be continued.*]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

The subsequent beautiful epistle, in the happiest vein of originality and ease, is addressed by Thomas Moore, Esq. to Mr. Atkinson, one of the Royal Irish Academicians, whom the affectionate poet has characterised as one in whom the elements are so mixed, that neither in his head nor his heart has nature left any deficiency. This poetical tribute is eminently worthy of its brilliant author, a youth of genius, who though he has a *roguish twinkle in his eye*, yet has as clear a head, and as warm a heart, as we have known,

'With all good grace to grace a gentleman.'

Though long at school and college dozing
On books of rhyme and books of prosing,
And copying from their moral pages
Fine recipes for forming sages;
Though long with those divines at school,
Who think to make us good by rule;
Who, in methodic form advancing,
Teaching morality like dancing,
Tell us, for heaven or money's sake,
What *steps* we are through life to take,
Though this, my friend, so much employ'd,
And so much midnight oil destroy'd,
I must confess my searches past,
I only learn'd to doubt at last.
I find the doctors and the sages
Have differ'd in all climes and ages,
And two in fifty scarce agree
On what is pure morality!
'Tis like the rainbow's shifting zone,
And every vision makes its own.
  The doctors of the porch advise,
As modes of being great or wise,
That we should cease to own or know
The luxuries that from feeling flow.
  "Reason alone must claim direction,
And Apathy, the soul's perfection;
Like a dull lake the heart must lie,
Nor Passion's gale, nor Pleasure's sigh,
Though heaven the breeze, the breath supplied,
Must curl the wave, nor swell the tide!"
  Such was the rigid Zeno's plan
To form his philosophic man;
Such were the modes he taught mankind
To weed the garden of the mind;
They tore away SOME WEEDS, 'tis true,
But all the FLOWERS were ravish'd too!
  Now listen to the wily strains,
Which, on Cyrené's sandy plains,
When Pleasure, nymph with loosen'd zone,
Usurp'd the philosophic throne;
Hear what the *courtly sage's tongue
To his surrounding pupils sung.
  "Pleasure's the only noble end
To which all human powers should tend,
And Virtue gives her heavenly lore,
But to make pleasure please us more!
Wisdom and she were both design'd
To make the senses more refin'd,
That man might revel free from cloying,
Then most a sage, when most enjoying."

Is this morality? Oh! no!
Even I a wiser path could show.
The flower within this vase confin'd,
The pure, the unfading flower of mind,
Must not throw all its sweets away
Upon a mortal mould of clay;
No, no! its richest breath should rise,
In Virtue's incense to the skies!
  But thus it is, all sects, we see,
Have watch-words of morality;
Some cry out Venus, others Jove,
Here 'tis Religion, there 'tis Love!
But while they thus so wisely wander,
While mystics dream, and doctors ponder;
And some, in dialectics firm,
Seek virtue in a middle term;
While thus they strive, in heaven's defiance,
To chain morality with science,
The plain, good man, whose actions teach
More virtue than a sect can preach,
Pursues his course, unsagely blest,
His tutor whispering in his breast;
Nor could he act a purer part,
Though he had Tully all by heart;
And when he drops the tear on woe,
He little knows or cares to know
That Epictetus blam'd that tear,
By heaven approv'd, to virtue dear!
  Oh! when I've seen the morning beam
Floating within the dimpled stream;
While nature, wakening from the night,
Has just put on her robes of light,
Have I, with cold optician's gaze,
Explor'd the *doctrines* of those rays?
No, pedants, I have left to you,
Nicely to separate hue from hue;
Go, give that moment up to art,
When heaven and nature claim the heart,
And, dull to all their best attraction,
Go—measure *angles of refraction!*
While I, in feeling's sweet romance
Look on each day-beam as a glance
From the great eye of HIM above,
Wakening his world with looks of love!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extracts from the Letters of an American traveller in Europe, written in 1800 and 1801.

[*Continued.*]

Geneva, November 4, 1800.

DEAR SIR,

When I rose this morning, the clouds threatened rain so much, as to oblige me to apply to my landlord for a vehicle to convey me to this city. As he was the post-master of the place, he furnished me with a one horse cart, covered by an oil cloth, stretched upon hoops, and having a seat hung upon leather, as a substitute for springs. I considered myself fortunate in obtaining so good a conveyance, as it soon after began to rain, and continued pouring the whole day. Being shut up in this close jolting cart, I saw very little of the country, and had only a slight glimpse of the celebrated cascade of the Nant D'Arpenas. I passed through Maglan and Cluse; the last of which is a very romantic little town, built in the gap of the mountains, through which the Arne passes. We again crossed the river by a fine bridge, and once more at Bonneville, a pretty little town, to which the young Genevese resort on holidays.

I was much pleased with the environs of Geneva, which are composed of well cultivated grounds, pleasure gardens, and handsome villas of free stone. Most of the commanding heights I passed, after leaving Chamouni, were crowned with the ruins of old castles, than which nothing more appropriate could be found to give the finish to the grand and picturesque scenery of this beautiful country. I regretted extremely the badness of the day, which lost me many a fine prospect.

I was set down at the inn of the Balances, where I had appointed my companion E..... to meet me. I was very happy to see him again,

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* Aristippus.

and never before knew the pleasure arising from meeting with a friend, in a distant country, and from whom you have been separated for a while.

November 6.

I am delighted with Geneva, and, was the society upon the same footing it formerly was, I could with pleasure spend the winter here; but the same complaints prevail here that I heard at Lausanne, and strangers no longer meet with that hospitality and attention, so much spoken of by former travellers. Some of the gentlemen, to whom we had letters, have been polite enough to accompany us about the town, to point out what is remarkable, or worth seeing, but their civility extends no farther; and they even condescend to make apologies for the 'unfortunate situation of their country, which has taken from them the means of rendering to strangers those polite attentions they were accustomed to do.'

We have been to see the cathedral of Saint Peter, where, in former times, the popular assembly of the republic met to vote. It had been fitted up very conveniently for that purpose just before the revolution.

The government of this little republic has, I think, been too much vaunted. The people may have been happier than they are now, as they carried on a commerce with all their neighbours, which the towns of France, Swisserland, and Savoy, were not permitted to do. By this means they acquired considerable wealth, as all the surrounding country came to them for certain articles. At present, from being part of the French republic, they are restricted to the same laws, and their city has dwindled to the same level with other French towns. Their fine lake gives them, however, some advantages, particularly by affording the means of carrying on the smuggling trade to a great extent, notwithstanding the vigilance of the custom-house officers. The boats employed in this business are well armed and manned, and almost always make resistance. Two nights ago one of them was attacked by the officers of the customs, who had one man killed, and another wounded. They however succeeded in securing a part of the contraband goods, but the rest were forcibly rescued and landed. The goods taken were lodged in the custom-house, and a guard placed over them; but, notwithstanding, the Genevese, (who encourage the practice of smuggling, from their having been forced to become a part of the French republic, and who conceive their rulers have no right to lay import duties upon them), assembled tumultuously round the place, insulted the officers and soldiers, and demanded the goods. They were of course refused, but it was so contrived that the mob should break into the custom-house during the night in spite of the soldiers placed there as a guard, (who, however, befriend the people very much), and triumphantly bore off the goods. This, you know, would in our country have met with the severest punishment, as flying in the face of all law, but the government is so inefficient in Geneva, that it was obliged to wink at the affair, and take no public notice of it.

There is no city in the world situated more charmingly than Geneva. It is built at the foot of the lake, on each side of the Rhone, where it issues from it. On the left, the chain of the Jura bounds the rich country of La Cote and the Pays de Gex; and on the right are the mountains of Savoy; behind is mont Saleve, to the top of which the Genevese make excursions to enjoy the grand prospect it commands. The whole neighbourhood of Geneva is beautifully cultivated, particularly the borders of the lake, which are covered with villages, gentlemen's seats, and white cottages.

All the lakes in Swisserland abound with fish; particularly trout and pike, the former of which grow to an amazing size. I saw one in our inn that weighed forty pounds, and I am assured some are caught that weigh fifty.

The buildings are of freestone, and in a good style, some houses are even magnificent. The public walk, called the Freille, is much frequented. It commands a noble view along the western shore of the lake.

The fortifications are very handsome, and the gates highly ornamental. From the city being commanded by neighbouring heights it could not hold out a siege, but the defence is sufficient to resist a *coup de main*, and give time for the Swiss, or other neighbouring troops, to come to their assistance.

We had the curiosity to go to see the house in which Rousseau was born, which bears an inscription to that effect. There is a lofty column in one of the public walks, supporting a colossal bust of the *citizen of Geneva*.

In our rambles about the town, we were struck with the manner in which all the fountains are supplied with water from the river. It is by means of a curious hydraulic machine, worked by the current of the Rhone. The large wheel is twenty-five feet in diameter. The waters of the river are clear and good, but, after flowing about a mile, they mingle with those of the muddy Arne.

The weather has been so bad, that I have not had it in my power to go to Ferney, or to make excursions in the neighbourhood, and we have determined to leave town to-morrow for Lyons. The information we have received from several travellers and French officers has induced us to alter our plan of entering Italy by mont Cenis, and to determine upon visiting the south of France first. I shall, therefore, probably not write you again, till I arrive at the shores of the Mediterranean.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM WHITEHEAD

[*Concluded.*]

The same year, he published a very elegant satire on the fashionable excesses and whimsies of female dress, intitled Venus attiring the Graces, 4to. addressed to the Duchess of Queensberry, which was the last performance, except his annual odes, he gave to the world. Had he possessed the powers of Mr. Bunbury's pencil, he would perhaps have given his idea to the public rather through the medium of the rolling, than the printing press; in its present state, humorous as it is, the comic painter would be its best commentator.

His health now began visibly to decline. He had almost through life been subject to palpitations of the heart, and occasional difficulty of respiration, which the heavy atmosphere of the town in winter always augmented; yet there, partly from habit, and still more from a desire of being near those whom he chiefly respected, he chose, in that season, constantly to reside.

In the Spring of 1785, a cold, accompanied with a cough, affected his breast so much, that it confined him at home for some weeks, though it was by no means so violent as to hinder him pursuing his united amusements of reading and writing. His death, happily for himself, as it must be for all who pass through this world, in the same blameless manner, with the same confidence in their God, and with the same confidence in his revealed will, so to die, 'was sudden, and without a groan.' A few hours before his death, Lord Harcourt repeating his constant morning visit to him, found him revising for the press, a paper which he imagined to be his last Birth-day Ode, which was in part set to music, but not performed. That day at noon, finding himself disinclined to taste the dinner his servant brought up he desired to lean upon his arm from the table to his bed, and in that moment he expired. He died at his lodgings in Charles-Street, Grosvenor-Square, April 14. 1785, in the 70th year of his age; and was buried in South Audley Street Chapel.

Some years before his death, he appointed by will, his friend General Stephens, his executor. He left behind him in MS. the Tragedy which Garrick did not venture to bring on the stage, the first act of an Oedipus; an imperfect plan of a tragedy founded on the historical part of Edward the Second's resignation of the crown to his son, also of another composed of Spanish and Moorish characters, and a considerable quantity of miscellaneous pieces, yet but few which he has transcribed in so fair a manner as to indicate that he himself thought them finished; and of these the greater part are occasional and local prolusions of his pen, which would chiefly, if not exclusively, be matter of amusement to his particular friends, more immediately connected with the two noble families in which he so long resided. His poems, uncollected by himself, together with three short unpublished pieces, On the late improvements at Nuneham; On the Death of the Hon. Catherine Venables Vernon; The Battle of Argoed Llwyfain, nine of his New-Year and Birth-Day Odes, from June 1776 to January 1785, and his Observations on the Shield of Achilles, first printed in Dodsley's 'Museum,' and afterwards with Pitt's and Warton's translation of 'Virgil,' were formed into a third volume of his Works, by Mr. Mason, and published in 1788, with a dedicatory 'Sonnet' to the Earl of Jersey and Earl Harcourt, and 'Memoirs of his Life and Writings,' which have been chiefly followed in the preceding account.

His Poems, including all his annual odes, from 1758 to 1785, except the New year and Birth-day odes, for 1764 and the New-year odes, for 1766, 1769, and 1775, which do not appear in Dodsley's 'Annual Register,' were inserted in the edition of 'The English Poets,' 1790, and are reprinted in the present collection, with the addition of the Vision of Solomon; Verses to his Mother; A Pathetic Apology for all Laureats; verses To Mr. Stebbing, and fragments On Churchill, collected from Mr. Mason's 'Memoirs,' &c.

His character, which has few prominent features, may easily be collected from this account of his life. He appears to have been a very amiable man, and lived in intimacy with the great, virtuous, caressed and respected. All his friends bear ample testimony to his unaffected piety, unblemished integrity, engaging politeness, inviolable truth, steadiness in friendship, and the unassuming ease and sprightliness of his conversation. He was a man of good breeding, virtue, and humanity.

'He died,' says Mr. Mason, who knew him well, 'retaining all his faculties more perfectly than is usually the lot of those who live to such an age. Of these his memory was the most remarkable, which being always strong, continued to that late period with no diminution of vigour. And as his reading and observation had been far more extensive and various than he had occasion to exhibit in that mode of writing which he chiefly employed to convey his sentiments; this accurate retention of what he had by study acquired, made him a living library, always open to communicate its treasures to his acquaintance, without obtruding itself by any ostentatious display, or assumed superiority'

As a poet, though he is far above mediocrity, yet neither his genius nor his writings are of the most brilliant or interesting kind. He is characterized by elegance, correctness, and ease, more than by energy, enthusiasm or sublimity. The most prominent feature in his poetry, seems an innocent and pleasant humour. He is never dull or absurd in his serious pieces; his taste and his judgment were too good to pardon insipidity, or impropriety, even in himself; but there is certainly more facility, as well as originality, in his humorous, than his serious pieces. His Elegies, on account of the affecting and pensive cast of the sentiments, the classical beauty of the imagery, the simplicity of the expression, and the harmony of the versification, may be considered as the most universally interesting of his compositions. Among his humourous pieces, Variety is a first-rate, in that mode of gay and easy composition which distinguishes the genius of Fontaine and Prior. Of his Songs, 'Ye Belles and ye Flirts', &c. has obtained the greatest popularity.

The principal poems which he himself published, have been already distinctly considered in the order of their publication. It only remains to give some account of his posthumous pieces.

'In the collection of poems,' says Mr. Mason, 'which Mr. Whitehead printed in 1774, he thought proper to select certain of his New-year, and Birth-day odes for republication. Beginning therefore, from that date, I have reviewed, with the assistance of some friends, whose taste in lyric composition I could depend on, all that he wrote afterwards, and those which we best approved are here inserted. In this review it is to be noted to the poet's honour, that we found more variety of sentiment and expression, than could well be expected from such an uniformity of subject. If we lamented the necessity he was under of so frequently adverting to the war with America, we generally admired his delicate manner of treating it. Should, therefore, the Odes here reprinted lead any person to read all that he composed, in compliance with the forms of his office (and all are to be found in the Annual Register, printed by Dodsley), I persuade myself he must agree with me in thinking, that no court poet ever had fewer courtly stains, and that his page is, at the least, as white as Addison's.'

The Odes, selected by Mr. Mason, are the Birth-day odes for 1776, 1777, 1778, 1781, and 1784, and the New-year odes for 1779, 1783, 1784, and 1785. The odes omitted by Mr. Mason, and Whitehead himself, have been very properly collected with the rest, and deserve the same commendation. Though they have undergone all the usual obloquy of such compositions, there is certainly in them more delicacy of panegyric, if not more genius, than in any compositions of the kind that can be found from Chaucer to Cibber. If they are not equal to the odes of Pindar, they are not ridiculous, like those of Shadwell and Cibber. Their annual productions rendered the laurel contemptible; but Whitehead, as Ophelia says, 'wears his rue with a difference, and you may call it Herb o' grace on Sundays.'

The copy of verses On the late Improvements at Nuneham, is a sportive and just eulogium on the place, and on the late Mr. Brown. Though the personification of nature has been common to several poets, when they meant to compliment the artist that rivalled her, yet the idea of making her behave herself like a modern fine lady, must be allowed to be a thought very bold, and truly original; and he has executed it with much genuine humour. As an epitaph, the lines On the Death of the Hon. Catherine Venables Vernon, are beautiful, particularly at the close, in the justification of Providence. The Battle of Argoed Llwyfain, is a translation of a poem of the Cambro-British bard, Taliessin, and is a description of the battle of Argoed Llwyfain, fought about the year 548, by Godden, a king of North Britain, and Brien Reged, king of Cambria, against Flamdwyn, a Saxon general, supposed to be Ido, king of Northumberland. It is inserted in Jones's 'Historical Account of the Welsh Bards,' published in 1784, and is thus introduced: 'I am indebted to the obliging disposition, and undiminished powers of Mr. Whitehead, for the following faithful and animated version of this valuable antique.' The version is wild, spirited, and characteristic; but it is inferior to those imitations which Gray made of the Scaldic odes. The wild mythology of the Edda, to which they perpetually allude, gives them a charm peculiar to themselves and sets them above what he himself has produced from Cambro-British originals.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Observations upon certain passages in Mr. Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, which appear to have a tendency to Subvert Religion, and established a False Philosophy.

The writer of the following observations remembers to have heard, from his childhood, of Jefferson's Notes on Virginia; although he never, till within a few weeks, had curiosity enough to peruse them. But upon reading them over, he was surprised that a book which contains so much infidelity, conveyed in so insidious a manner, should have been extensively circulated in a Christian country, for nearly twenty years, without ever having received a formal answer. It is not to be wondered at if no reply has come from Great-Britain. She is too near the putrid fen in which the first ugly monsters of infidelity were engendered, and has been too long stunned by their infernal yell, to heed the feeble voice of Mr. Jefferson, its sound, when compared with their cry, is as insignificant as the pattering of a shower to the thunder of Niagara. But in this country his authority is far more weighty. We hear him extolled by the majority of our people as a profound philosopher; he has been appointed the head of our country, and the guardian of our rights; his book has passed through several editions, and is silently doing its work, aided by the numerous friends and exalted station of its author; thousands read it who know nothing about the writings of Voltaire, or Buffon, or 'the constellation of French Encyclopedists;' and who are induced, by the snips of learning and show of reasoning with which it is set off, to think it a bright sample of the genius of our country. The intention of these pages is, to point out the passages, in the Notes on Virginia, which tend to the subversion of religion; and to examine whether, from brilliancy of invention, acuteness of investigation, or cogency of argument, they are entitled to the name of any other than modern French philosophy. And the writer of these observations humbly prays the Searcher of hearts, that if purity of intention deserve regard, his efforts may not, through their imbecility, do an injury to the cause which he desires to serve.

The first ambuscade of infidelity, according to custom, is among the mountains. Whenever modern philosophers talk about mountains, something impious is likely to be near at hand. Not more numerous are the streams which flow from the Alps and the Andes, than the objections which they have afforded to these sophisters against the sacred history. When mountains are mentioned in their writings, the well meaning reader has need to guard against some wicked insinuations with as much vigilance as he would against the lurking panther, if he were passing through the forests, which shade the sides of those mountains. Rousseau says, that on the summits of high mountains all our cares are forgotten. Whether this assertion be true or not, shall be left for Mr. Jefferson's investigation; but this is certain, that whenever these pigmy philosophers get perched upon their beloved heights, they seem not only to be insensible of their own insignificance, but to lose even their boasted reason. In Mr. Jefferson's description of the junction of the Potowmac and Shenandoah, this sentence occurs, 'The first glance of this scene hurries our senses into the opinion, that this earth has been created in time, that the mountains were formed first, that the rivers began to flow afterwards,'* &c. Now, this is a theory of the earth in three words. Monsieur de Buffon tells us that our world was knocked blazing out of the sun by a comet; that it has since been some fifty thousand years cooling; that all the mountains on its surface have been formed by the ebbing and flowing of the sea; that all which is now dry land was once covered with water; and that in process of time, the ocean will quit its present bed, and again embosom the enormous masses which it before heaped up; thus going an eternal round. Mr. Jefferson's theory is diametrically opposite to that of his friend M. de Buffon; the latter supposing our mountains to have been formed long after the earth; the former making the original world a heap of mountains, which, in process of time, were washed down into their present state. In this, however, they agree; both are contrary to what is said in Genesis; 'And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear: and it was so.' When the Count de Buffon was called to account for his impiety, he got off by a clumsy equivocation. But Mr. Jefferson may make a very safe retreat, in case of necessity. It is only 'the first glance of the scene which hurries our senses into the opinion:' this implies no premeditated theory; here is no positive assertion. If as much caution were observed through the whole book, it would be difficult to bring any decisive charge against it. After this first lisp of infidelity, till she raises her voice and speaks more courageously, we hear several hints of the convulsions of Nature. That there have been convulsions of nature, and violent ones too, is allowed on all sides; but do all agree as to the time when they happened, and the causes by which they were produced? No, truly; as will be seen before the end of these remarks.

But we must now prepare for a grand attack. 'I have received petrified shells,' says Mr. Jefferson, 'of very different kinds from the first sources of the Kentucky, which bear no resemblance to any I have ever seen on the tide waters. It is said that shells are found in the Andes, in South-America, fifteen thousand feet above the level of the ocean. This is considered by many, both of the learned and unlearned, as a proof of an universal deluge. To the many considerations opposing this opinion, the following may be added: The atmosphere, and all its contents, whether of water, air, or other matters, gravitate to the earth; that is to say, they have weight. Experience tells us, that the weight of all these together never exceeds that of a column of mercury of thirty-one inches height, which is equal to one of rain water of thirty-five feet high. If the whole contents of the atmosphere then were water, instead of what they are, it would cover the globe but thirty-five feet deep; but as these waters, as they fell,

* Query IV. p. 27.

would run into the seas, the superficial measure of which is to that of the dry parts of the globe as two to one, the seas would be raised only fifty-two and an half feet above their present level, and of course would overflow the lands to that height only.'* Now, this is an open denial of the universal deluge described by Moses, without an *if* or *perhaps* to save it. Mr. Jefferson, however, might have spared himself the trouble of offering this his additional consideration. The writers of the Universal History had published nearly the same thing many years before. Not that they wished to invalidate the scripture account, but to show that, if the deluge could be explained by natural causes, the heavens alone could not have afforded a sufficient quantity of water; but that the fountains of the deep must likewise have been broken up. The Rev. Mr. Jones also, in his Philological Disquisitons, which appeared several years before the Notes on Virginia, had mentioned not only the same difficulty, but one of still harder solution. The passage alluded to is as follows: 'The atmosphere, supposing its weight to be wholly owing to the vapour of water suspended in it, can contain but thirty-three feet of it: so that all the moisture of the atmosphere condensed into water and falling in rain, could overflow the earth to a depth no greater than that of thirty-three feet. If the ocean be allowed to occupy two-thirds of the earth's globe, and to be a mile in depth, one part with another, what will this do? If it were all to be converted into vapour, and to fall back in rain, it could only flow back again into its own channel. Where then shall we find a quantity of water to drown the earth to the height of two miles above its present horizon?' It is superfluous to add that the author from whom this is taken makes no use of it to serve the purposes of irreligion: no one who ever heard the name, will suspect, for a moment, that any harm can come from William Jones, of Nayland. It was really cruel that Mr. Jefferson's philosophy should have been put to the torture to discover what the world knew so long beforehand. But there is another reason why his pains might have been spared. Modern observations show, that if there be any connection between the weight of the atmosphere and the quantity of water contained in it, it is heaviest, cæteris paribus, when most free from moisture; consequently, it is impossible to calculate how much water the atmosphere can contain. Mr. Jefferson acknowledges that 'history renders probable some instances of a partial deluge round the Mediterranean Sea;' and shows how that sea 'may have been so raised as to overflow the low lands adjacent to it; as those of Egypt and Armenia, which, according to a tradition of the Egyptians Hebrews, were overflowed about 2300 years before the Christian æra; those of Attica, said to have been overflowed in the time of Ogyges, about five hundred years later; and those of Thessala, in the time of Deucalion, still three hundred years posterior.' 'But,' he adds, 'such deluges as these will not account for the shell found in the higer lands.'† Here we see that Jewish history and Grecian stories, Lucian Ovid, and Moses, are all considered as of equal authority. He then says that 'a second opinion has been entertained, which is, that in times anterior to the records either of history or tradition the bed of the ocean, the principal residence of the shelled tribe, has, by some great convulsion of nature, been heaved to the height at which we now find shells and other remains of marine animals. The favourers of this opinion do well to suppose the great events on which it rests to have taken place beyond all the æras of history; for within these, certainly none such are to be found; and we may venture to say further, that no fact has taken place, either in our own days, or in the thousands of years recorded in history, which proves the existence of any natural agents, within or without the bowels of the earth, of force sufficient to heave, to the height of fifteen thousand feet, such masses as the Andes.'* This opinion he seems to think somewhat more reasonably than the former, and that its 'favourers do well to suppose the great events on which it rests to have taken place beyond all the æras of history.' But even this, he owns, is not without its difficulty. A third opinion, one of M. de Voltaire, is then mentionnd, which Mr. Jefferson himself thinks so trifling, that one is at a loss to imagine why it was introduced. We are then informed that 'there is a wonder somewhere.'† The Bible, indeed, tells of a wonder wrought by the immediate agency of the Almighty, next to the creation, the greatest in nature. This the humble Christian believes from other evidences than strata of earths and banks of cockle-shells; though the whole face of nature, and the united voices of all the nations upon the globe, both civilized and savage, proclaim it to be true. But Mr. Jefferson gives it no credit, for this very reason, that it is represented as a marvellous event: yet, after all his inquiries, he, with astonishing sagacity, discovers that 'there is a wonder somewhere.' This sweet-sounding concert of philosophy and infidelity is thus concluded: 'The three hypotheses are equally unsatisfactory; and we must be contented to acknowledge, that this great phenomenon is as yet unsolved. Ignorance is preferable to error; and he is less remote from the truth who believes nothing, than he who believes what is wrong.'‡ But is it not surprising that when Mr. Jefferson was beholding the scene at the junction of the Potowmac and Shenandoah; when his 'senses were hurried into the opinion, that this earth was created in time, that the mountains were formed first, that the rivers began to flow afterwards,' the following solution of this difficulty did not occur to him! When this earth was a huge and shapeless mass of mountains confusedly thrown together, the waters which were poured in among them must have been gathered into lakes and seas, from time to time, swelling over their banks, rending asunder their enclosures, and sweeping down the smaller mountains in their course. This scene of primeval confusion must have continued for ages, before the earth could be reduced to its present regular form. The waters in that time must have been abundantly supplied with inhabitants of every species. And when a body of water burst from its original bed, it must have left behind innumerable relicks of its productions. Thus might have been explained, without a wonder, the appearance of marine productions not only upon the summits of the highest mountains, but likewise of those which are found in the bowels of the earth. This theory seems to possess every qualification which the heart of a modern philosopher could desire; it is bold, plausible, and contrary to Scripture.

We must not omit to remark a passage, which, though not properly belonging to the sphere of these observations, deserves notice for its sagacity and the spirit of prophecy which its discovers. Speaking of Great Britain, it is said, 'the sun of her glory is fast descending to the horizon. Her philosophy has crossed the Channel, her freedom the Atlantic, and herself seems passing to that awful dissolution, whose issue is not given human foresight to scan.'* If when this was uttered, her sun was indeed so fast declining, she must, like Joshua, have bid him stay his course. We have since seen her go out to battle, surrounded by the armies of Europe, against the common foe. We have seen her allies gradually drop from her. We have seen her, after each desertion, fight with renewed spirit, like a healthy trunk, more vigorous for every branch, which was lopped away. We now see her alone and unappalled, calmly looking from her snowy cliffs at the tigers, who are gnashing their teeth, and howling with impatience to devour her. And if we love light better than darkness; if we love our own happy country and our countrymen better than France and Frenchmen, we have reason to pray with unremitting fervour, that it may be long ere the sun of her glory reaches the horizon. Happy would she be, if long ago every particle of what is called her philosophy, had crossed the Channel, and every factious demagogue had left her shores. Her virtuous monarch would have been spared many a pang, and her loyal subjects many a sigh.

[*To be Continued.*]

* Query VI. p. 43.
† Query VI. p. 44.

* Query VI. p. 44 and 45.
† Query VI. p. 46.
‡ Query VI. p. 46.

THE DRAMA.

[The following is an article of very recent criticism, on a new and beautiful Comedy by Cumberland]

On Saturday night a New Comedy, entitled The Sailor's Daughter, was performed at Drury-Lane Theatre for the first time. It is the production of Mr. Cumberland's veteran Muse, and though the Prologue and Epilogue had not so unequivocally pointed out the parent, yet the child would be easily recognised from its strong resemblance to his numerous dramatic progeny. The following are the principal

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

Captain Sentamorn, . . .	Mr. Pope.
Sir Mathew Moribund, .	Mr. Wroughton,
Mandeville, ...	Mr. Dwyer.
Varnish, ...	Mr. Russell.
Doctor Hartshorn, ...	Mr. Bannister jun.
Raven, ...	Mr. Dowton.
Lindsay, ...	Mr. Bartley.
Louisa, ...	Mrs. Jordan.
Julia Clareville, ...	Mrs. H. Johnstone.
Mrs. Hartshorn, ...	Mrs. Sparks.

The part of the story, out of which the more interesting incidents arise, is simply this:

Julia is the daughter of Captain Clairville, who died from the wounds, which he received at the battle of Copenhagen. Clairville, on his death-bed, consigns her as a sacred trust to the care and protection of his friend Captain Sentamorn, insinuating at the same time a wish, that after a time they may be both united in wedlock. Julia, on learning her father's death, takes shelter in the house of Dr. Hartshorn, who had been Surgeon on board Captain Clairville's ship, and for whose memory he retains the warmest affection, and the highest respect. Captain Sentamorn, whose professional duties keep him for a time abroad, contrives nevertheless, secretly to supply Julia with adequate means to answer all her wants. The merit however of his delicate generosity is assumed by Varnish, a young man of fashion, who, through the influence of this apparent sympathy, endeavours to captivate the affections of Julia, but with dishonourable designs. Sentamorn, however, soon returns home and arrives at Bath, where the scene of the play

* Query VI. p. 100.

lies, and, anxious to find an opportunity of observing the character, and studying the sentiments of Julia, he prevails upon Lindsay, a young surgeon, who intends becoming the assistant or partner of Dr. Hartshorn, to permit him for a while to take his name and situation. Under this disguise he has frequent occasions of conversing with Julia, whose mind and disposition he is enraptured with, as he equally is with her person, kindness, and generosity. Varnish observing that Julia's prejudice in his favour is abated, attributes the change to the advice of Sentamorn, and insists upon satisfaction for this insult and injury; a meeting is appointed, but the duel is prevented, and a reconciliation brought about through the manly and forcible observations, with which Sentamorn reproves and ridicules that false delicacy and mistaken sense of honour which so frequently and fatally provokes the modern practice of duelling. An explanation afterwards ensues between Varnish and Julia; Sentamorn drops his diguise, and is immediately blessed with the hand and heart of the woman he admires; a similar union, which forms the under plot, takes place between Mandeville and Louisa.

Such nearly are the materials out of which Mr. Cumberland, though an aknowledged adept in the dramatic art, may appear not very artfully to have constructed or dexterously managed the plot; the denouement is too evidently discovered in the second act, and through the remaining acts the interest is but very feebly kept alive. It may also, perhaps, be objected, that the underplot is rather annexed to, than connected with, the main one; and that there is no coincidence of event or interest by which they seem to be sensibly interwoven.—But these defects, if they really exist, are amply compensated by many other essential excellencies, more especially the elegance of the diction, the purity of the moral, the richness of the humour, and the poignancy of the sarcasm, which distinguish and pervade the dialogue. As to the characters, they cannot lay any very evident claim to novelty. The most prominent appears to be that of Dr. Hartshorn, which, though it be marked by a fine peculiarity, must, however, be pretty familiar with the amateurs of the drama. The part of Captain Sentamorn stands equally prominent for that unaffected frankness, that sedate courage, and unprompted benevolence, which constitute the generous ingredients of a British tar's disposition. The spirit of it was most happily seized by Pope, and he delineated it upon the whole, with his usual skill and judgment. In characters similar to that of Louisa, we have seen Mrs. Jordan a thousand times; but in all of them she still appears new, from the inexhaustible source of her ever varying playfulness, naivete, archness and whim. Here too, she introduces a song, the music of which very aptly accords with the pure and liquid tones of her fascinating voice.

Mrs. H. Johnstone was the heroine of the piece, and the simple, emphatic, and winning manner, in which she played the orphan child of Clairville, and delivered the epilogue which recommended the orphan and the author to the indulgence and protection of the audience, drew down those warm and repeated plaudits which British hearts are always ready to bestow on the solid and splendid services of our naval heroes. The other characters were very aptly sustained; and though at the close of the concluding scene (not a breath of censure had before betrayed itself), a small insignificant party seemed resolved to interrupt the performance, and mar the effect of the piece, yet the great majority was so decidedly in its favour, that when it was given out for a second representation, nothing could be heard but approbation and applause.

LEVITY.

BOB ROUSEM'S EPISTLE TO BONYPART.

This comes hoping you are well, as I am at this present; but, I say, Bony, what a damn'd lubber you must be to think of getting *soundings* among us English! I tell ye as how your anchor will never hold; it is n't made of good stuff; so luff up, Bony, or you 'll be *fast aground* before you know where you are. We don't mind your palaver and nonsense; for though 'tis all wind, it would hardly fill the stun'sails of an English man of war. You 'll never catch a breeze to bring ye here as long as you live, depend upon it. I'll give you a bit of advice now; do *try* to lie as near the *truth* as possible, and don't give us any more of your *clinchers*. I say, do you remember how Lord Nelson came *round* ye at the Nile? I tell ye what, if you don't take care what you are about, you 'll soon be afloat in a way you won't like, in a high sea, upon a grating, my boy, without a bit of soft Tommy to put into your lantern jaws. I'll tell you now how we shall fill up the log-book if you come; I'll give you the journal, my boy, with an allowance for *lee-way* and *variation* that you don't expect. Now then:—At five A. M. Bonypart's cockboats sent out to amuse our English men of war with *fighting* (that we like). Six A. M. Bonypart lands (that is, if he can); then we begin to blow the grampus; seven A. M. Bonypart in a pucker; eight A. M. Bonypart *running away*; nine A. M. Bonypart on board; ten A. M. Bonypart *sinking*; eleven A. M. *Bonypart* in *Davy's Locker; Meridian*, Bonypart in the north corner of ——, where it burns and freezes at the same time: but you know any port in a storm, Bony, so there I'll leave ye. Now you know what you have to expect; so you see as how you can't say I didn't tell ye. Come, I'll give you a toast: Here's hard breezes and foul weather to ye, my boy, in your passage; Here's, May *you be sea-sick!* we'll soon make ye *sick of the sea*; Here's, May you never have a friend here, or a bottle to give him. And to conclude: Here's the French flag where it ought to be, under the English.

HIS
BOB ⋈ ROUSEM.
MARK.

P. S. You see as I cou'd n't write, our captain's clerk put the lingo into black and white for me, and says *he'll charge it to you.*

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A pathetic writer, and a real mourner in the Daily Advertiser of Mr. Poulson, thus tenderly bewails A NATIONAL MISFORTUNE. His bereaved countrymen, in humble submission to the will of Heaven, will bear, yet mourn their loss. They will cherish the recollection of the exalted energies of his mind, of the endearing attributes of his heart. They will consecrate his memory by their sorrows and their tears. We are often called upon to deplore the loss of men, whose amiable qualities have endeared them to the circle of their private friends. When the Hero falls, the tears of his country fall with him. The statesman, the senator and the patriot spread by their death a general affliction. But it is our lot to bear the aggravated grief that arises at the loss of all these characters.—HAMILTON, beloved, by his friends, endeared to his family; HAMILTON the statesman, the senator, the patriot, the Hero is gone. At the fall of such a man grief is silent, and eloquence muses eulogiums, which cannot be expressed.

A *Professor* of Music from that *cheerful* and *harmonious* country, France, proposes to instruct *ladies* in his art, every evening with the pious exception of Sunday and Saturday, in judicious complaisance to the prejudices of our forefathers. The *Professor* however is not so much of a puritan, as to abandon all thoughts of love and gallantry, for after directing his fair pupils to inquire for him in a dark alley in *Night's* court, he engages with great sincerity, we doubt not, and a more perfect good faith than was ever manifested by his nation 'to reconduct every lady to *their* respective places of abode.' What amazing powers must this 'supple Gaul' possess to conduct all that variety of ladies, who frequent his school, and how safe and snug, and warm and happy must every 'Musical Lady' be under the fostering influence of so courtly a musician.

—

A Teacher of the French language in this city informs all such of his pupils as *are in the dark* that 'for the better convenience of the evening scholars, a light is kept in the entry of his house, which adjoining a certain fruit store, lighted every night, will be more easily seen.' A more agreeable and easy specimen of French philosophy is hardly to be found than is contained in this precious advertisement of the Aurora. This is the new and true light indeed, which, assisted and supported by another light, will be easily seen to shine more and more unto the perfect day of glorious illuminatism. What a lanthorn to the feet of the stumbling scholars of this Frenchman must be this light *under the bushel*, and 'in the entry.'

"How far his little candle throws its beams."

—

The ensuing lines, from a mournful muse were written by Mrs. Smith, under the pressure of deep domestic affliction. They describe the woes of a bereaved Mother, and will not be read with indifference by those who can feel for misfortune, and have a taste for poetry.

SONNET TO NEPENTHE.

Oh! for imperial Polydamna's art,
Which to bright Helen was in Egypt taught,
To mix with magic power the oblivious draught,
Of force to staunch the bleeding of the heart,
And to Care's wan and hollow cheek impart
The smile of happy youth, uncurs'd with thought.
Potent, indeed, the charm that could appease
Affection's ceaseless anguish, doom'd to weep
O'er the cold grave; or yield even transient ease,
By soothing busy memory to sleep.
Around me those, who surely must have tried
Some charm of equal power, I daily see,
But still to *me* oblivion is denied,
There's no Nepenthe, now, on earth for me.

—

TO THE SUN.

Whether awaken'd from unquiet rest
I watch 'the opening eye lids of the morn,'
When thou, O Sun, from ocean's silver'd breast
Emerging, bidst another day be born—
Or whether in thy path of cloudless blue,
Thy noontide fires I mark with dazzled eyes,
Or to the west thy radiant course pursue,
Veil'd in the gorgeous broidery of the skies.
Celestial lamp! thy influence bright and warm
That renovates the world with life and light,
Shines not for me,—for never more the form
I lov'd—so fondly lov'd—shall bless my sight,
And nought thy rays illumine, *now* can charm
My misery, or to day convert my night!

—

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

How oft a cloud, with envious veil
Obscures yon bashful light
Which seems so modesty to steal,
Along the waste of night.

'Tis thus the world's obtrusive wrongs
Obscure with malice keen,
Some timid heart, which only longs
To live and die unseen. [MOORE.

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

See flow, beneath the moonbeam's smile,
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for a while,
And murmuring, then subsides to rest.
Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea;
And, having swell'd a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity.

[Moore.

—

One thing is clear, says an Irish print, that all things are very *dark* at present.

—

EPIGRAM.

To the landlord of an inn, near *Bray*.

I wonder, friend March, you, who live so near Bray,
Should not set up the sign of the *Vicar:*
Tho' it might be an odd one, you cannot but say,
It must needs be a *sign*—of good liquor.

ANSWER.

Should I set up the sign of the Vicar, I doubt
My drift might be misunderstood;
Who'd believe that the Vicar would dangle without,
If within doors the liquor was good?

—

IMITATION OF CATULLUS.

CHANSON BACCHIQUE.

Boy, who the rosy stream dost pass,
Fill up for me the largest glass;
The largest glass and oldest wine,
The laws of drinking give as mine;
Still must my ever thirsty lip
From large and flowing bumpers sip.
Ye limpid streams, where'er ye flow,
Far hence to water drinkers go;
Go to the dull, and the sedate,
And fly the god, whose bowers ye hate.

—

A Stranger being much addicted to lying, was telling of the many countries and cities he had been in; when one of the company asked, if he had ever been in Cosmography. The stranger, thinking this the name of a city, said *We saw it at a distance, but could not visit it, being in haste.*

—

SONG.

Think on that look of humid ray,
Which, for a moment, mix'd with mine,
And for that moment seem'd to say,
'I dare not, or I would be thine.'

Think, think on every smile and glance,
On all thou hast to charm and move,
And then forgive my bosom's trance,
And tell me 'tis not sin to love.

Oh! *not* to love thee were a sin,
For sure, if Heaven's decrees be done,
Thou, thou art destin'd still to win,
As I was destin'd to be won.

[Moore.

—

The late lord Botetourt, soon after voting for the *cyder tax* observed as he was travelling though *Hereford*, that the populace were burning him in effigy. Immediately stopping his coach and giving a purse of guineas to the mob, he said '*pray*, gentlemen, if you will burn me, *burn me like a gentleman* don't *let me linger*. I see you have not faggots enough.'

—

TO JULIA.

Though fate, my girl, may bid us part,
Our souls it cannot, shall not sever;
The heart will seek its kindred heart,
And cling to it as close as ever.

But must we, must we part, indeed?
Is all our dream of rapture over?
And does not Julia's bosom bleed
To leave so dear, so fond a lover?

Does *she* too mourn?—Perhaps she may,
Perhaps she weeps, our blisses fleeting:
But why is Julia's eye so gay,
If Julia's heart, like mine, is beating?

I oft have lov'd the brilliant glow
Of rapture in her blue eye streaming—
But can the bosom bleed with woe,
While joy is in the glances beaming?

No, no! yet, love, I will not chide,
Although your heart *were* fond of roving;
Nor that, nor all the world beside,
Could keep your faithful boy from loving.

You'll soon be distant from his eye,
And, with you, all that's worth possessing,
Oh! then it will be sweet to die,
When life has lost its only blessing.

[Moore.

—

From the Abbate Buondelmonte.

Under Friendship's fair disguise,
Love, in smiling frolic lies;
Or, affecting anger now,
Furls like scorn its wrinkled brow;
Nay, with hatred's sullen mien,
Crafty Love is frequent seen;
Pity's face, too, oft it wears,
Bath'd in subtle, well feign'd tears;
But beware Love's wanton wiles,
O! beware his tears and smiles,
Love, in every form, believe
Still is Love, and will deceive.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

'Isidore's Merry Gondolier is a sweet and cheerful composition. It will be perused with pleasure; and we hope that the industry of the correspondent will rival the genius of the poet.

The patriotic song, by Mr. Fessenden, will be echoed by the lovers of their country.

The nervous essay on 'Popular Fanaticism,' published in our last, originally appeared in the Fredericktown Herald, a paper, which we read often, and highly commend.

'Asmodeo' is not forgotten. We are anxious to hear from him, and our readers would be gratified, if they discerned his name in every number of the Port Folio. His raillery of the style of certain fashionable poets, will divert the public in our next. We will give Asmodeo the front place among the *Loungers*.

The intelligent traveller, who has of late pretty regularly furnished us with 'Extracts of Letters,' written during his tour in Swisserland, is assured, that the public has received very favourably the remarks of such a tourist. They have been attentively perused, and uniformly approved of, by the Editor, who will have new reasons to be pleased with his ingenious correspondent, if he will, agreeably to promise, continue to transmit sketches either of European scenery, or European manners.

The gentleman, who has sent us, from New-York, an exposition of that spurious philosophy, which, in the Notes of Jefferson, is so detrimental to others, and so disgraceful to himself, is very respectfully informed, that we think so well of the salutary sentiments, and neat style of his pamphlet, we have resolved to devote to it no narrow portion of our paper.

Our friend C, is assured, that his request is not "at variance with our judgment," and, if practicable, would have been cheerfully and promptly granted.

The Laureat of Great Britain, in his ode on the KING'S birth-day, has justly and poetically described the state of a great kingdom.

The lines of 'Rosalind' are rumbling as the 'rustic waggon,' and cold and barren as the 'pine plain' she describes. We fancy this lady has been more accustomed to the hum of the wheel, and the music of the dairy, than to the tunable voice of the Muse. We cannot forbear applying the Clown's lines in Shakspeare,

Winter garments must be lin'd;
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind,
Then to *cart* with Rosalind.

'Good reasons for good things,' an impromptu, from a literary and social friend, will appear excellent logic to all Loungers, whose motto is *sapias vina liques*.

'Seneca,' in the intervals of political composition, and salutary invective, not unworthy of Junius, we hope will find inclination to exclaim

Awake, Eolian lyre: awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.

With our conviction of his satirical powers, we wish that he would bend his attention to the jacobinic foe, and employ his excellent poetry, in aid of sound and virtuous politics. We are assured of the salutary consequences of literary efforts, thus directed.

'Yes, from the depths of Pindus shall your rhymes,
Thro' *this* misorder'd world, these *lawless* times,
Be heard distinctly in our inmost state;
All that the good revere, and bad men hate,
In spirit and in substance, as of old,
Your Muse in her *Asbestos* shall unfold.'

We regret exceedingly we cannot reprint the eloquent essays in the Repertory, from the pen of a sound politician and fine writer. But the author's quill is so fluent, the tardy progress of our paper will not keep pace with him, nor is it in our power to gratify, in due season, the public curiosity.

We are glad to have so early an opportunity to indicate to our countrymen the merits of Cumberland's new comedy.

'Bothwell Castle,' from the *original* manuscript of Thomas Campbell, Esq. the author of the Pleasures of Hope, is received from a literary friend, to whom we are often indebted for the treasures of Genius, whether he consults the cabinets of others, or his own.

'The *Withered* Rose,' as described by Violetta, is not without beauty and fragrance. Whenever our fair friend chooses to rove through the flowery fields of fancy, she will always have an unbounded choice of pleasing forms and bright hues.

The translator of a splendid passage in Ovid, where that poet so finely enumerates the prodigies which portended the doom of Cæsar, is thanked for such a classical allusion to the death of HAMILTON.

Various and beautiful *tissues* from the *loom* of Mr. Moore, shall soon be *unfolded*. Whether the Editor reflects upon the literary, the colloquial, or the musical talents of his friend, he cannot forbear to ask with Milton

What neat repast shall feast us light and choice,
Of *Attic taste*, with wine, whence I may rise
To hear thy *lute well touch'd*, or *artful voice*,
Warble immortal notes, and *Tuscan air*?
He, who of these delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

'Clarissa,' whether descended from her paragon namesake in Richardson, or the foundress of a new order of Chastity, is, incontestibly, as 'staid a maiden' as ever shrieked at a salute, or shuddered at a marriage proposal.

'Ithacus,' in the course of his tour, must not forget an occasional excursion to Parnassus.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Oldshool,

If you deem the following translation from the fifteenth book of Ovid's Metamorphoses worthy of a place in the Port Folio, please to give it an early insertion.

If such signs, ominous and tremendous, as the poet here describes, were the precursors of the fate of a great man of antiquity, though a tyrant, what should have marked the day on which Alexander Hamilton fell?

Signa tamen luctûs dant haud incerta futuri.
Arma ferunt inter nigras crepitantia nubes,
Terribilesque tubas, auditaque cornua cœlo
Præmonuisse nefas.

Ovid, Lib. xv.

Midst the black clouds tremendous scenes appear'd,
The horrid din of clashing arms was heard;
The shrill voic'd clarion heav'ns vast concave rent,
And sounding horns proclaim'd the sad event
Around the world. Imprest with dire dismay,
The mournful sun diffus'd a lurid day,
The low'ring sky with blazing meteors fill'd,
Black human gore in drizzling show'rs distill'd;
A sable veil obscur'd bright Hesper's light,
And blood distain'd the silver car of night.
The Stygian owl announc'd the dire portent,
And weeping statues mourn'd the sad event;
Dirges amid the sacred groves were sung,
With dreadful threats the echoing forests rung;
Ill-boding signs diffus'd horrific dread,
The smoaking entrails shew'd a sever'd head;
The howling breed, while solemn silence reign'd,
In dol'rous accents to the moon complain'd;
The wand'ring shades Cocytus stream forsook,
And Rome imperial to her centre shook.
Yet these dire signs, by heaven in pity sent,
Could not deter them from their black intent,
Their swords they carry to the senate hall,
And stain the sacred dome with mighty Cæsar's fall.

B

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO A WITHERED ROSE.

How fair wert thou when first mine eye
Caught the light tint thy leaves that drest,
Just bursting from obscurity,
To court the zephyr to thy breast!

To me thou did'st recal the time,
When hope and fancy wing'd my days,
When, in my joyous, youthful prime,
No pensive note e'er mark'd my lays.

Thou too, like me, wert but half-blown,
Ere drooping for thy parent soil,
Thy richest fragrance far had flown,
And death had ta'en thee as his spoil.

He bow'd thy unassuming head,
And paler made thy modest glow,
Which boasted ne'er the brightest red,
But such a blush as pale cheeks know.

Thy lively green is faded too,
And thou dost not one trace retain
Of that sweet flower the Persians woo,
To waft its perfume o'er the plain.

Poor Rose, adieu! may I, like thee,
When 'death has laid my green head low,'
Have some fond friend to sigh for me,
And mourn for buds that never blow.

Violetta.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONG,

By T. G. Fessenden, Esq.

THE GENIUS OF COLUMBIA.

Tune 'In a mouldering cave.'

Where the hoar Allegany towers o'er the cloud,
Thy genius, Columbia, reclin'd,
Her visage pale care and anxiety shroud,
And her locks wanton wild to the wind.

She weeps, lest her sons should by fatal mischance,
Or by jacobin frenzy be driven,
To fraternize with infidel, blood-thirsty France,
And thus be abandon'd by heaven.

The ground was bedew'd with her fast-falling tears,
When, lo! through the wide opening sky,
On a bright cloud descending, a seraph appears,
With a message of love from on high.

And thus he address'd the disconsolate dame,
Your despondence and wailing give o'er,
For I am a ministering spirit of flame,
Who guard blest Columbia's shore.

The storm of democracy soon will be past,
And cloudless again be your skies,
The true sons of freedom distinguish'd, at last,
From those, who assume its disguise.

For those who true liberty ever oppos'd,
And your Washington dar'd to revile,
In their native deformity shall be disclos'd,
And no longer your freemen beguile.

Though Genoa, Spain, Holland, and Swisserland bend
To their falsely call'd freedom's controul,
While no other freedom their tyrants intend,
Than to tyrannize over the whole.

Still if Europe all bow to dire jacobin sway,
To Columbians the charter was given,
That tyrants should never her freemen dismay,
And the franchise recorded in heaven.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Dr. Beddoes has just translated, with admirable energy, the famous Greek invocation to Health.

Invocation by Ariphron of Sicyon.

O thou among the blissful host,
Deserving mortal incense most!
What yet of days remain to me,
Hygeia! let me pass with thee,
And thou my willing inmate be!
If ought of solace coffer'd hoards—
Whatever progeny affords—
Or sovereign sway
Exalting mortals to the gods above,—
Or that sweet prey
Which struggles secret in the snares of love,
To toil worn man, by heaven's behest,
If balms unnam'd refreshment bring—
All owe, benignant power, to thee their zest,
Thou giv'st its radiance to the graces, spring,
Nor but with thee may child of earth be blest.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

GOOD REASONS FOR GOOD THINGS.

I love to drink; because my spirits rise,
And, mounting upwards, revel in the skies:
I love to smoke; for, as its curls ascend,
They kindly mix with others from my friend:
I love to laugh; for, starting at the noise,
Care, Grief, and Envy fly from merry boys—
I love to kiss—for beauty warms the heart,
And joys, no tongue can tell, her smiles impart.

TO ROSA.

Like one, who trusts to summer skies,
And puts his little bark to sea,
Is he, who, lur'd by smiling eyes,
Consigns his simple heart to thee.

For fickle is the summer wind,
And sadly may the bark be tost,
For thou art sure to change thy mind,
And then the wretched heart is lost. [*Moore.*

ODE,

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

June 4, 1804.

By H. J. Pye, Esq. P. L.

As the blest guardian of the British isles,
Immortal Liberty, triumphant stood,
And view'd her gallant sons with fav'ring smiles,
Undaunted heroes of the field or flood;
From Inverary's rocky shores,
Where loud the Hyperborean billow roars,
To where the surges of the Atlantic wave,
Around Cornubia's western borders rave,
While Erin's valiant warriors glow
With kindred fire to crush the injurious foe,
From her bright lance the flames of vengeance stream,
And in her eagle eye shines glory's radiant beam.

Why sink those smiles in sorrow's sigh,
Why sorrow's tears suffuse that eye;
Alas! while weeping Britain sees
The baleful fiends of pale disease
Malignant hovering near her throne,
And threat a Monarch all her own—
No more from Anglia's fertile land,
No more from Caledonia's strand,
From Erin's breezy hills no more
The panting legions crowd the shore:
The buoyant barks, the vaunting host
That swarm on Gallia's hostile coast,
The anxious thought no longer share,
Lost in a nearer, dearer, care,
And Britain breathes alone for George's life her prayer.

Her prayer is heard—Th' Almighty Power,
Potent to punish or to save,
Bids Health resume again her happier hour;—
And as across the misty wave
The freshning breezes sweep the clouds away
That hid awhile the golden orb of day,
So from Hygeia's balmy breath
Fly the drear shades of disease and death.
Again the manly breast beats high,
And flames again the indignant eye,
While, from the cottage to the throne,
This generous sentiment alone
Lives in each heart with patriot ardour warm,
Points every sword, nerves every Briton's arm,
'Rush to the field where George and Freedom lead,
Glory and fame alike the warrior's meed
Brave in their country's cause, who conquer or who bleed.'

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
FOR THE EDITOR,
BY HUGH MAXWELL,
No. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.